

Oblivion

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Summary: AU , oneshot. It's miserable, being forgotten by people you thought were your friends...

***Chapter 1*: Oblivion**

A/N: Please understand... while I really do love the entire Golden Sun cast dearly, this needed to be written. Probably because, like Karst, Gareth doesn't get nearly enough recognition.

This is very AU, so if you're uncomfortable with worlds being reversed or turned around completely, you have been warned.

Disclaimer: I don't own Golden Sun. If I did, I'd be making a third!

100 seems to be my lucky number.

It's the amount of gold I have left in my pocket after a day's worth of earning whatever I can.

It's the number of times I've been let down.

It's the proof of the alcohol I'm drinking to numb myself.

And it's the number of headaches I'll have to deal with tomorrow.

Even now, when I am most in need of a friend... he sits at home with his beautiful wife, never giving me a second thought.

I loved her once, too... but then again, I should have dropped that idea from the start.

He was the hero, not me. He rescued her from the hands of her captors while I fought off the captors themselves.

Ah, but who could love the sidekick?

That's all I am, anyways. The sidekick, the laughingstock, the member of the party who gets laughed at and scorned while the hero goes on looking brave and strong and never smiling.

I took that scorn on for him. To see him smile... to take the weight off his shoulders.

I helped save the world. I was there, fighting alongside him. We all were.

Am I really the worthless member?

The others fit right back into their lives – healer, scholar, sailor, and the rest...

And the hero.

He was welcomed back with the love due to someone who had saved the world single-handedly.

But it wasn't single-handedly, and he seems to forget that as he recounts his daring battles against the enemies.

I followed him to the end of the world and back.

Inconvenience, he says.

Oh no, it's no inconvenience. I have no job, little money, no life, and no reputation. I'm perfectly fine with getting kicked out of my own house so that my former best friend and his wife can move a baby into my room.

It's not like I haven't overheard him talking, anyways.

"We don't need him around any more, do we? It's not like we owe him anything."

So here I sit. For half of my remaining gold, I can buy another drink. Already I can feel the calming effect of the one I'm drinking from now... it's numbing my pain long enough for me to think about something else.

Tomorrow, it'll be back, along with every other ounce of guilt and fear and terror and love and hatred. I don't hate him - I could never hate him, he's my best friend, even if *he's* forgotten that.

I hate myself. For my weakness, for my dependence on my friends and those who I thought I could trust.

I drain my drink and motion to my mug, tossing the barkeep half of my money. His face is set - he's seen it all before. Just some guy trying to drown his sorrows in drink.

"So, what's your story?" he asks, leaning over the bar and refilling my mug while scooping up and pocketing my hard-earned gold. "Lost a woman? Kids? Fortune?"

"No... my best friend," I reply, almost laughing at the absurdity of the situation. Here I am, in need of someone to talk to, and I'm spilling my story to some random guy.

"Kicked me out 'cause I outlived my usefulness."

"What kind of a best friend would do that? Sounds like he wasn't really a friend at all."

Tell me about it. What did I do wrong? Was I too much of a burden? I had always pulled my own weight, and I got stuck carrying KO'ed people to the Sanctum for revival, and when Ivan passed out from using Reveal one too many times I carried him, as well. I didn't think I'd ever been enough of a burden for him to just...

"Saaaay... do I know you?" the barkeep asks.

"Probably not."

"Wait... spiky hair... warrior's attire... You're Kyle's boy, aren't you? Yeah, that's it! Isaac? The guy who saved Weyard?"

"No, I'm not Isaac. He's my... best friend. I'm Gareth... Gareth Jerra."

He looks confused for a moment. "Jerra, eh? I know a girl by that name. Red hair, hot temper? ...Kay?"

"Yeah, that's my sister. Ever head of me?"

"... No, can't say I have. Should I?"

I don't know why I'm still talking. Mars, I don't know why I'm still *alive!*

"No, I don't know why you would. Just asking."

"Eh. Sorry 'bout your friend, kid. You wanna 'nother drink? This one's on the house, since y' look so miserable." I push the glass at him, and he tops it off with an apologetic shrug. "Hope things get better for ya."

"Yeah, thanks mister."

So this is how it's going to end, huh? Isaac gets the praise and the glory for lighting the lighthouses and saving Weyard from almost certain destruction. Isaac and Mia and Ivan and Piers and Jenna and Felix and Sheba... but Isaac first, always first. The stoic hero, the noble Venus Adept with a kind heart and flawless swordplay...

That's as it should be.

After all, I'm only the laughingstock of a sidekick.

And... really, honestly...

Who ever pays attention to them?

A/N: R&R, people! ... Jenna needs to stop writing depressing Gareth stuff! Nyeh! I love the guy, I really do.

Garet: "Laughingstock of a sidekick"? Thanks a lot, J...

.:sighs and huggles him:. Don't take it personally. It's AU, after all.